

Huntwork Hewitt, Kaleidoscope Man

I miss the days of seeing her face
And Abby The World's Greatest Dog
I miss the kiss of the ring mistress
While the lions sharpen their claws
I miss the thrill of love in a can
That I bought from Kaleidoscope Man
I miss the clowns fooling around
Then they run in the bathroom to cry
I miss the chimp they dressed like a pimp
And then taught him to whisper goodbye
I miss the thrill of love in a can
That I bought from Kaleidoscope Man
Gone are the evenings of fire
Gone are the moments of bliss
I long for the feel
Of her hands on my soul
And I long
How I long to be missed
I miss the time when she was alive
And things were as they should be
I miss my painting of twelve ladies fainting
She never returned it to me
I miss the tune played by the band
That was led by Kaleidoscope Man
I miss the tune that went with the dance
That we did for Kaleidoscope Man